

Good Morning 570

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

H. ROBERTSON HOLMES talks about Traffic Lights, Submarines, Rockets, and such-like inventions which raised a universal howl of laughter and made the public cry "The Inventor is crazy!"—but was he?

IT'S CRAZY, BUT IT WORKS

PIERE PIERONT lived in a hilly district, and he was fed-up to the teeth with having to push a heavy bicycle up and down the roads leading to his village. So he took the bike one hot day to the public weighbridge and ascertained the total weight of the machine plus himself.

Then he went to the local balloon club and asked the experts to work out the size of an envelope which, filled with coal gas, would have just enough lift for that weight. The gas-bag was designed, stitched, gas-proofed, filled—and then he hitched it by twelve fine cords to the bike!

Piere Pieront wasn't so crazy. He just thought the lift of the balloon would eliminate the weight of the bike, and so eliminate the effect of gravity. He tried cycling up the road, but, of course, there wasn't sufficient adhesion for the back wheel, and he was pedalling in mid-air.

Then he let a little gas out of the envelope, and discovered that immediately he got under way with the bike he was just towing a reluctant balloon along in his slipstream.

It was a fine idea—but it just didn't work. There have been hundreds of similar semi-failures, as a result of which we are inclined to think that inventors are crazy after all. The truth is that they are just disappointed folk. . . .

Glider Club which used to fly at Dunstable Downs!

Just a little after Pieront's gas-cycle episode, a certain Member of Parliament stepped out of his club in St. James's, and, walking across to Parliament Square, was nearly run down by two cabs at once, approaching at right-angles.

There was a policeman at the crossing, but in the dusk nobody had seen his arm-waving.

The M.P. went home, dusted himself down, and then penned a letter to an engineer friend in Manchester. Within three weeks his brain-wave was in tangible form. It looked like a huge railway signal, it had semaphore arms, and gas brackets shining behind red and green lights.

The M.P. managed to get the police interested, and this contraption was erected at the crossing of Bridge-street, Westminster.

Gaping crowds collected, and police were employed to move the crowds on. When the police went, neither pedestrians nor drivers bothered about the gas-lit semaphores.

The thing wasn't legal. The public laughed the idea off the streets, and the M.P. just went on thinking up bright new questions to ask in the Lobby.

They all thought he was crazy—yet over fifty years later, in 1926, the "first" traffic lights were introduced.

The world just forgot the crazy invention on Bridge-street, which, if legalised and improved, might in the intervening years have saved thousands of lives in traffic accidents.

Commander Cole, R.N., had a good idea. He took an ordinary field gun carriage, and in place of the barrel fitted a series of iron supports, holding rockets.

"They possess a great advantage over other species of artillery," wrote a military commentator in 1877, "owing to the ease with which they can be used at sea from small boats. For military operations they also claim the great advantage of being easily used in mountainous passes and marshes where it is impossible to take artillery."

Commander Cole introduced his rocket-gun to naval and military experts at a meeting of the Royal United Services Institution, where, says one writer of the day, "it met with the support of many officers and civil experts well qualified to give an opinion on the new weapon."

But the Army laughed at the idea. Fancy firing at the



ONE day, when "G.M." was looking around Glasgow for a submariner's family, we read the name Morris in our notebook.

At 36, Hayburn Street, Partick, we find the fiancée of A.B. ARCHIE MORRIS wondering whether he remembers the reef at Tiree.

It is just as pretty as ever says Miss Catherine McArthur. Catherine had just returned from a holiday at Tiree, and so has very recent memories of the reef, which, no doubt, you will remember. Your fiancée, just back from one holiday, was looking forward with eagerness to a trip to see your folk at Methil.

The boys down there are expecting to see you back soon, and in your old running form, too, so that you can give those R.A.F. boys something to think

about. What about it? Dad is working very hard now, but both he and Mum are keeping well.

Everyone at home is waiting to hear you sing your favourite song, "There's a Little Brown Road Winding Over the Hill," and they all hope it will not be long before you are doing just that.

At the time of our visit, Effie McDonald was getting very excited about her forthcoming marriage to a young Welsh lad in the R.A.F., and it looks as though they will both be wanting your best wishes in the very near future.

We are sure you will wish them the best of everything just as they, and all your old friends (North of the Border, too, so that you can give those R.A.F. boys something to think

enemy with rockets! What a schoolboy's idea! Commander Cole must be crazy. Today we are hearing a very grim echo of that ill-advised laughter.

Many of the craziest inven-

tors have taken their ideas straight from the pages of Jules Verne—and yet the ideas have worked. Verne, once a sailor, and for some time secretary to the Lyric Theatre, Paris, invented all his own plots and notions.

While working on a small job on the Bourse—the Paris Stock Exchange—he spent his evenings writing the novel, "Five Weeks in a Balloon," recently serialised in "Good Morning." It was an immediate success.

He threw the job up, settled down to full-time writing, and in his lifetime completed more than ten million words, all written with his own hand.

He did not make a fortune—but he might have become rich had he been content to patent his ideas instead of just writing about them. Other writers, as well as Hollywood, have made small fortunes out of the ideas he pioneered.

Verne's "The Astonishing Adventures of the Barsac Mission" really "invented" modern broadcasting. "The Secret of Wilhelm Storitz" told the tale of an eighteenth-century alchemist who found the secret of invisibility. It is the father of all stories of the "invisible man" variety.

"Robur the Conqueror" gave details of a compressed-paper-hulled electrically driven helicopter that is far more advanced than any aircraft we have to-day. He forestalled most mechanical details of modern submarines with his "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea."

Tuning in to Tel. Bill Burson



YOUR mother, Leading Telegraphist Bill Burson, was just starting to fry some fish and chips when we called to see her at 50 Yarnfield Road, Tyseley, Birmingham. But when we explained our mission she took off her overall, and, smiling, told us to sit down. Then she told us all we had come to find out.

Elsie, your sister, was out courting. "She'll be mad when she comes home to think she has missed you," said your mother.

We noticed that your girl's photograph has a very prominent position on top of the wireless set. Your mother said that Audrey often telephones her, and only the other day she had phoned to say she had received a letter from you.

They had not heard from your brother George in Italy for three weeks. Charlie Shakespeare, the repatriated prisoner, who had been home on leave, was returning the day we were there, and Jimmy Herbert is now on his way home. By the way, George and the girl he was going out with

have now parted, and George is writing to another girl!

The house has recently been done up—it looked very smart to us, and mother says your room is all ready for you. All the folk "down home" are quite well.

Your mother says you are longing for another dog, but she has not yet decided on one. She does not want an Alsatian. But judging by the number of dogs that dashed out and barked when we knocked at your door, there are enough in Yarnfield Road already.

On leaving, we picked up a new rag doll and some toy soldiers from the sideboard. "We didn't know you had any children here," we said, rather puzzled.

"No, they are for the kiddies next door," she replied. Going out to work as she does and keeping your home so spotless, she must be a very hard worker to find time for thinking of others in this practical fashion.

"Give Bill my love. Tell him to hurry home. Now I'm going to get on with my fish and chips," she added.

"For the Love of the Game"

NOW, in the days of G. O. Smith, Vivian Woodward, Stanley Jackson, and W. G. Grace, we had really first-class amateurs.

This is the usual formula when veteran sports fans begin discussing the amateurs in first-class sport. The truth is there are more amateurs at this moment in first-class sport than ever before in British sporting history, and Britain's amateur sportsmen are the finest in the world.

Take, to start with, professional football. This is Britain's national sport, although many still claim cricket. During the war years many great amateurs have come to the front, outstanding being Maurice Edleston (Reading), A. H. "Jackie" Gibbons (Spurs), and Bernard Joy (Arsenal).

I select these three because, after gaining amateur international caps, they were able to go into England's premier side, to the exclusion of professionals, and show skill enough to more than hold their own against the best other countries could muster.

I have had many opportunities of seeing amateur talent in League football. Roy White and Ivor Broadis (Spurs), Richard Hardisty (Middlesbrough), Bill Whittaker (Brentford), Tom Colliffe (Derby and Arsenal), to mention but a few, have shown themselves to great advantage this year.

Before the war it was something of a novelty to see an amateur in League football. About the only three to hold regular places were Gibbons (Spurs), Burns (Brentford) and Bernard Joy.

Now, all over the country,

as professionals move away, League clubs are forced to call upon more amateur talent. These youths are bringing into top-class football an enthusiasm and dash that has often been badly needed in the past.

Many to whom I have spoken about a professional career have shown a desire to keep their jobs and play as amateurs. This may, or may not, be good for the game, for when League football returns it will be the fittest men who keep their place in the clubs' senior team.

I believe that keeping fit for first-class football is a full-time job unless you are prepared to go and train seriously almost every evening.

I think League football will have more amateur players after the war, and many clubs will, perhaps for the first time in their history, have local players in their side.

Cricket, especially in the pre-war years, had probably more talented amateurs than ever before. Walter Hammond, "Gubby" Allen, R. W. V. Robins, E. R. T. Holmes, to mention but a few, were in the very top flight.

Over the war years English cricket, for the most part, has been played "for the love of the game." Thus literally hundreds of amateurs have been "blooded" in first-class cricket. The County teams, building for the future, will not be short of players.

IN BOXING, TOO. A short time ago, when watching the Army v. R.A.F. boxing show at the Albert Hall, I saw a large number of boxing managers and promoters showing a keen interest in many of

the Service stars on view. I asked one well-known promoter what he thought of the talent.

"It is in the British amateur field that we shall find the champions of the post-war era," he said. "You have only to look at our list of champions to-day to see my point."

He is right. British amateur boxing is booming—and the prize-ring is now finding many of its stars from the unpaid ranks.

Arthur Danahar, Bruce Woodcock, Vince Hawkins, Cyril Gallie and George Preston (just entered the professional ranks), are all prospective professional champions.

Particular interest is centred on George Preston. The Battersea and A.B.A. Champion—Commando, and one of the first ashore on D-Day—is a great heavyweight, who should do well in the paid arena. He has the coolness, as well as the boxing skill, to go far.

In the meantime Mark Hart, the reigning A.B.A. heavyweight champion, is one of the finest prospects Britain has ever had.

Although stationed on a lonely Radar post, and given little opportunity for training, Mark Hart has of late shown great skill and exceptional punching power.

He knows how to put his weight behind his punches—and that is the real reason behind his great string of knock-out successes. Should he ever be lured into the professional ranks, I think yet another great amateur would do well.

J. WRIGHT.

We ALWAYS write to you, if you write first to "Good Morning," c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1

The Iron Man cried like a child

YOUTH will be served—this saying flashed into King's mind, and he remembered the first time he had heard it, the night when he had put away Stowsher Bill. The toff who had bought him a drink after the fight and patted him on the shoulder had used those words. Youth will be served! The toff was right. And on that night in the long ago he had been Youth. Tonight Youth sat in the opposite corner. As for himself, he had been fighting for half an hour now, and he was an old man. Had he fought like Sandel, he would not have lasted fifteen minutes. But the point was that he did not recuperate. Those upstanding arteries and that sorely tried heart would not enable him to gather strength in the intervals between the rounds. And he had not had sufficient strength in him to begin with.

His legs were heavy under him and beginning to cramp. He should not have walked those two miles to the fight. And there was the steak which he had got up longing for that morning. A great and terrible hatred rose

up in him for the butchers who had refused him credit. It was hard for an old man to go into a fight without enough to eat. And a piece of steak was such a little thing, a few pennies at best; yet it meant thirty quid to him.

With the gong that opened the eleventh round, Sandel rushed, making a show of freshness which he did not really possess. King knew it for what it was—a bluff as old as the game itself. He clinched to save himself, then going free, allowed Sandel to get set. This was what King desired. He feinted with his left, drew the answering duck and swinging upward hook, then made the half-step backward, delivered the upper cut full to the face and crumpled Sandel over to the mat. After that he never let him rest, receiving punishment himself, but inflicting far more, smashing Sandel to the

ropes, hooking and driving all his tortured hands. Though now he was receiving practically no punishment, he was weakening as rapidly as the other. His blows went home, but there was no longer the weight behind them, and each blow was the result of a severe effort of will. His legs were like lead, and they dragged visibly under him; while Sandel's backers, cheered by this symptom, began calling encouragement to their back on him. Yet he steeled himself to strike the fierce blows, every one of which brought anguish to

The house by this time had gone mad, and it was his house, nearly every voice yelling: "Go it, Tom!" "Get 'im!" "You've got 'im!" It was to be a whirlwind finish, and that was what a ringside audience paid to see.

And Tom King, who for half an hour had conserved his strength, now expended it prodigally in the one great effort he knew he had in him. It was his one chance—now or not at all. His strength was waning fast, and his hope was that before the last of it ebbed out of him he would have beaten his opponent down for the count. And as he continued to strike and force, coolly estimating the weight of his blows and the quality of the damage wrought, he realised how hard a man Sandel was to knock out. Stamina and endurance were his to an extreme degree, and they were the virgin stamina and endurance of youth. Sandel was certainly a coming man. He had it in him. Only out of such rugged fibre were successful fighters fashioned.

Sandel was reeling and staggering, but Tom King's legs were cramping and his knuckles going black on him. Yet he steeled himself to strike the fierce blows, every one of which brought anguish to



"Don't look round now, skipper, but I think we're being followed!"

Concluding A PIECE OF STEAK By JACK LONDON

high, to the solar plexus, and a right cross to the jaw. They were not heavy blows, yet so weak and dazed was Sandel that he went down and lay quivering. The referee stood over him, shouting the count of the fatal seconds in his ear. If before the tenth second was called, he did not rise, the fight was lost. The house stood in hushed silence. King rested on trembling legs. A mortal dizziness was upon him, and before his eyes the sea of faces sagged and swayed, while to his ears, as from a remote distance, came the count of the referee. Yet he looked upon the fight as his. It was impossible that a man so punished could rise.

Only youth could rise, and Sandel rose. At the fourth second he rolled over on his face and groped blindly for the ropes. By the seventh second he had dragged himself to his knee, where he rested, his head rolling groggily on his shoulders. As the referee cried "Nine!" Sandel stood upright, in proper stalling position, his left arm wrapped about his face, his right wrapped about his stomach. Thus were his vital points guarded, while he lurched forward towards King in the hope of effecting a clinch and gaining more time.

At the instant Sandel arose, King was at him, but the two blows he delivered were muffled on the stalled arms. The next moment Sandel was in the clinch and holding on desperately while the referee strove to drag the two men apart. King helped to force himself free. He knew the rapidity with which Youth recovered, and he knew that Sandel was his if he could prevent that recovery. One stiff punch would do it. Sandel was his, in-

dubitably his. He had out-generalled him, outfought him, out-pointed him. Sandel reeled out of the clinch, balanced on the hair line between defeat and survival. One good blow would topple him over and down and out. And Tom King, in a flash of bitterness, remembered the piece of steak, and wished that he had it then behind that necessary punch he must deliver. He nerved himself for the blow, but it was not heavy enough nor swift enough.

Sandel swayed, but did not fall, staggering back to the ropes and holding on. King staggered after him, and, with a pang like that of dissolution, delivered another blow. But his body had deserted him. All that was left of him was a fighting intelligence that was dimmed and clouded from exhaustion. The blow that was aimed for the jaw struck no higher than the shoulder. He had willed the blow higher, but the tired muscles had not been able to obey. And, from the impact of the blow, Tom King himself reeled back and nearly fell. Once again he strove. This time his punch missed altogether, and, from absolute weakness, he fell against Sandel and clinched, holding on to him to save himself from sinking to the floor.

King did not attempt to free himself. He had shot his bolt. He was gone. And Youth had been served. Even in the clinch he could feel Sandel growing stronger against him. When the referee thrust them apart, there, before his eyes, he saw Youth recuperate. From instant to instant Sandel grew stronger. His punches, weak

(Continued on Page 3)

QUIZ for today

1. A raceme is a machine used in dog racing, cluster of flowers, frame of a crinoline skirt, pill?
2. What is the most perfect example of streamlining?
3. What is the capital of the Azores?
4. Who were (a) Pavlov, (b) Pavlova?

5. What is the oldest capital city in South America?
6. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? Pliocene, Miocene, Plasticene, Eocene, Oligocene.

Answers to Quiz in No. 569

1. Ornamental garden.
2. Parol is a verbal declaration; parole is a promise.
3. Switzerland.
4. Psychologists.
5. Sodium, potassium.
6. Bud grows above ground; others are kinds of roots.

I get around RON RICHARDS' COLUMN



A CO-OPERATIVE movement of a uniform fleet of cabs with 100 per cent. backing from its members is the main feature of the latest proposed post-war plan for London cabmen.

When the war ends, the whole of the present fleet of cabs, which have stood five years without major repairs, will need replacing, points out a writer in "The Cab Trade News." That will be the chance to replace the old system with the new.

Main suggestions: To abolish private ownership; merging everyone into a co-operative fleet, with all on a co-operative basis.



ABOLITION of tipping by a revised tariff would bring about a better understanding with the public.

Also needed are better and more adequately equipped garages and a system of insurance exclusive to the cab trade. A system of insurances with staff benefits for sickness and accident, and a canteen, are also suggested.

Being 100 per cent. together, the choice of the type of car would be easier, and the whole system would prevent the "cutting and carving which leads to police courts."

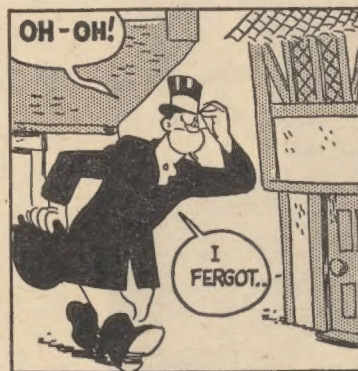


YOUNG people who are "educated and refined" are fighting shy of entering the hairdressing business, according to a complaint made at a meeting of the Court of the Incorporated Guild of Hairdressers. The reason suggested why more young people did not join the craft was "the curse of tipping."

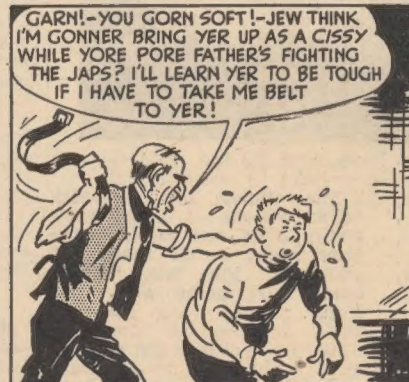
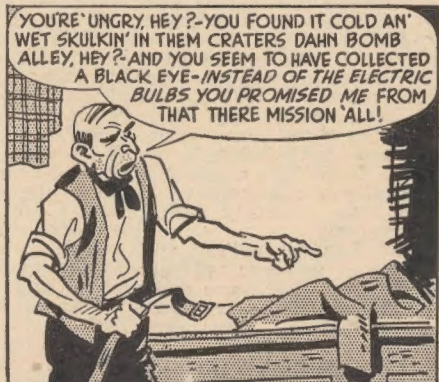


THE old-fashioned girl who used to go to the city and stop at the Y.W.C.A., now has a daughter who goes to the city and stops at nothing.

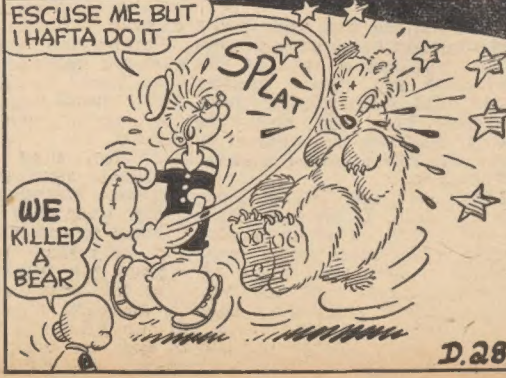
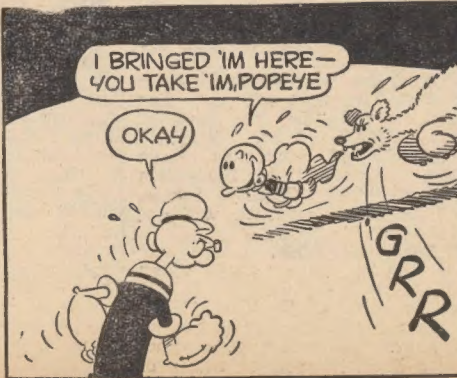
BEELEZBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



WANGLING WORDS

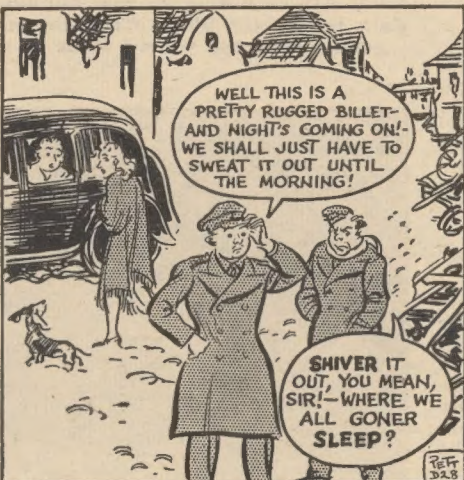
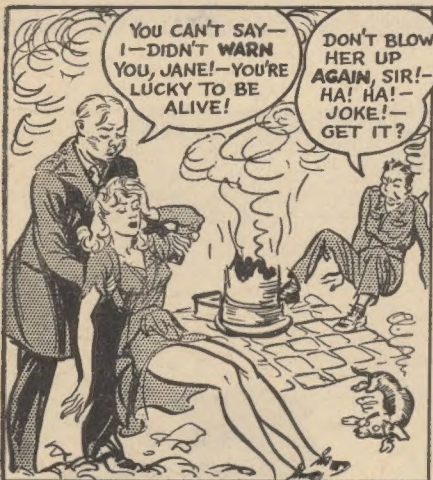
—509

1. Insert consonants in *U**Y and *A**O*Y and get two districts in France.
2. Here are two English kings whose syllables, and the letters in them, have been shuffled. Who are they?
RADETS — HENPHIRC.
3. If "send" is the "end" of dispatches, what is the end of (a) Curves, (b) Repairs, (c) Lasting Out?

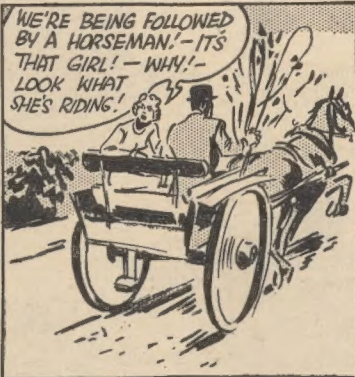
Answers to Wangling Words—No. 508

1. GALAPAGOS, BAHAMAS.
2. GROCER—CHEMIST.
3. (a) Revel, (b) Sever.
4. E-Thel, Ma-ble.

JANE



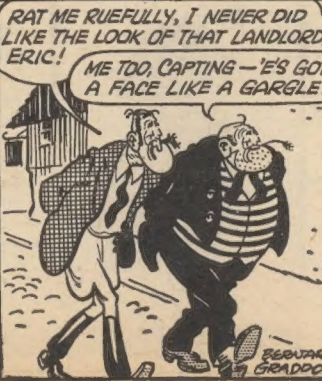
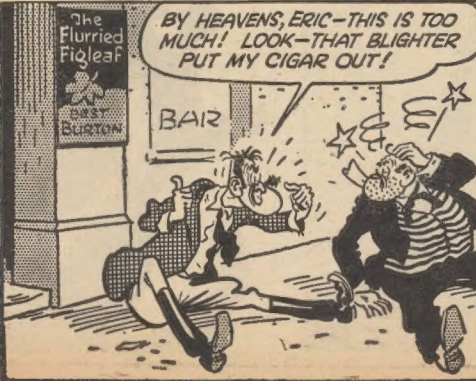
RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



A PIECE OF STEAK

(Continued from Page 2)
and futile at first, became stiff and accurate.

Tom King's bleared eyes saw the gloved fist driving at his jaw, and he willed to guard it by interposing his arm. He saw the danger, willed the act; but the arm was too heavy. It seemed burdened with a hundredweight of lead. It would not lift itself, and he strove to lift it with his soul. Then the gloved fist landed home. He experienced a sharp snap that was like an electric spark, and, simultaneously, the veil of blackness enveloped him. When he opened his eyes again to all his body. He remembered he was in his corner, and he heard back into the fight to the moment the yelling of the audience like the roar of the surf at Bondi Beach. A wet sponge was being pressed against the base of his brain, and Sid Sullivan was blowing cold water in a refreshing spray over his face and chest. His gloves had already been removed, and Sandel, bending over him, was shaking his hand. He bore no ill-will towards the man who had put him out, and he returned the grip with a heartiness that made his battered knuckles protest. Then Sandel

His seconds were half-supporting him as they helped him through the ropes. He tore free from them, ducked through the ropes unaided, and leaped heavily to the floor, following on their

heels as they forced a passage for him down the crowded centre aisle. Leaving the dressing-room for the street, in the entrance to the hall, some young fellow spoke to him.

"W'y didn't yuh go in an' get 'im when yuh 'ad him?" the young fellow asked.

"Aw, go to hell!" said Tom King, and passed down the steps to the sidewalk.

The doors of the public-house at the corner were swinging wide, and he saw the lights and the smiling barmaids, heard the many voices discussing the fight and the prosperous chink of money on the bar. Somebody called to him to have a drink. He hesitated perceptibly, then refused and went on his way.

He had not a copper in his pocket, and the two-mile walk home seemed very long. He was certainly getting old. Crossing the Domain, he sat down suddenly on a bench, unnerved by

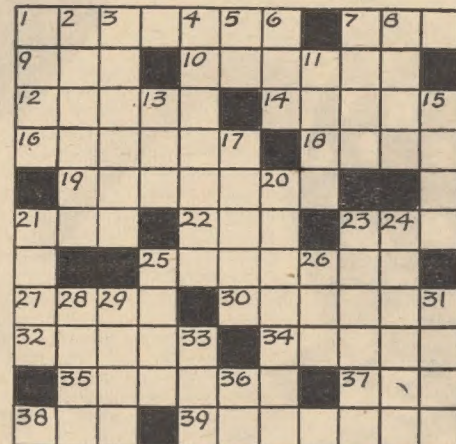
the thought of the missus sitting old Stowsher Bill! He could up for him, waiting to learn the outcome of the fight. That was harder than any knock-out, and it seemed almost impossible to face.

THE END

Answers to Intelligence Test in No. 569.

1. Very good butter can be made from sour milk if salt is added. False. (You may have "very sour" instead of "very good.")
2. Ox is a species of animal; others are sex-names.
3. Lancaster. (Port and County Town.)
4. Friday.
5. Apples.
6. Well is vertical; others horizontal.
7. Best.
8. Saturday.

CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.

- 1 Facetious.
- 7 Veto.
- 9 Quite.
- 10 Sweetmeat.
- 12 Outlook.
- 14 Lively dance.
- 16 Boy's name.
- 18 Communication.
- 19 Dare.
- 21 Through.
- 22 Confection.
- 23 Boater.
- 25 Vigilant.
- 27 American state.
- 30 Bagpipe sounds.
- 32 Savoury.
- 34 Part of British Empire.
- 35 Fame.
- 37 Limb.
- 38 Annoy.
- 39 Black person.

CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Rinse.
- 2 Recess.
- 3 Scowl.
- 4 Sluggishness.
- 5 Thus.
- 6 Squeeze.
- 7 Package.
- 8 Jot.
- 11 Spirited.
- 13 Shallow vessel.
- 15 Harbour.
- 17 Edible birds.
- 20 Smoking.
- 21 And.
- 23 Fence frame.
- 24 Friends.
- 25 Gorse.
- 26 Part of fish.
- 28 Grosse minus net.
- 29 Tip.
- 31 Droops.
- 33 Put on.
- 36 Pronoun.

Coloured Cartoons

I HAVE been asked about making coloured cartoon films.

In normal motion picture photography, 24 separate exposures are made in a second, each one photographing the object in a slightly different position from its predecessor. The slightly different position corresponds with the movement of the object during the 24th of a second between exposures.

In cartoon photography a series of drawings is made. If drawing No. 1 is that of the object to be photographed in a certain position, drawing No. 2 will be that of the object in the position to which it has moved and in which it is desired to be shown a 24th of a second later, etc.

In practice, a single drawing may be used for the background of all the individual pictures comprising an entire scene; in front of this background are placed in succession the drawings of the moving objects. These drawings of the moving objects consist of pieces of celluloid cut in the form of the outline of the object and upon which the details of the figure are drawn or painted.

The camera which is to photograph this series of drawings is solidly mounted over a stand and carries a number of devices which permit the drawings to be placed in front of the camera, one after another.

Since, in cartoon photography, there are 24 of these stationary pictures to be photographed in a second, for a cartoon which will run ten minutes on the screen there must obviously be 14,400 separate drawings.

DEREK RICHARDS.

PHIZ QUIZ



He plays the ukulele. He's often cleaning windows. He's a great pal of a Mr. Woo who keeps a Chinese laundry.

(Answer in No. 571)

Answer to Phiz Quiz in No. 569: Will Hay.

Good Morning

Dusty Anderson, they call her at Columbia. But we say most decidedly, "Not so dusty"! ★



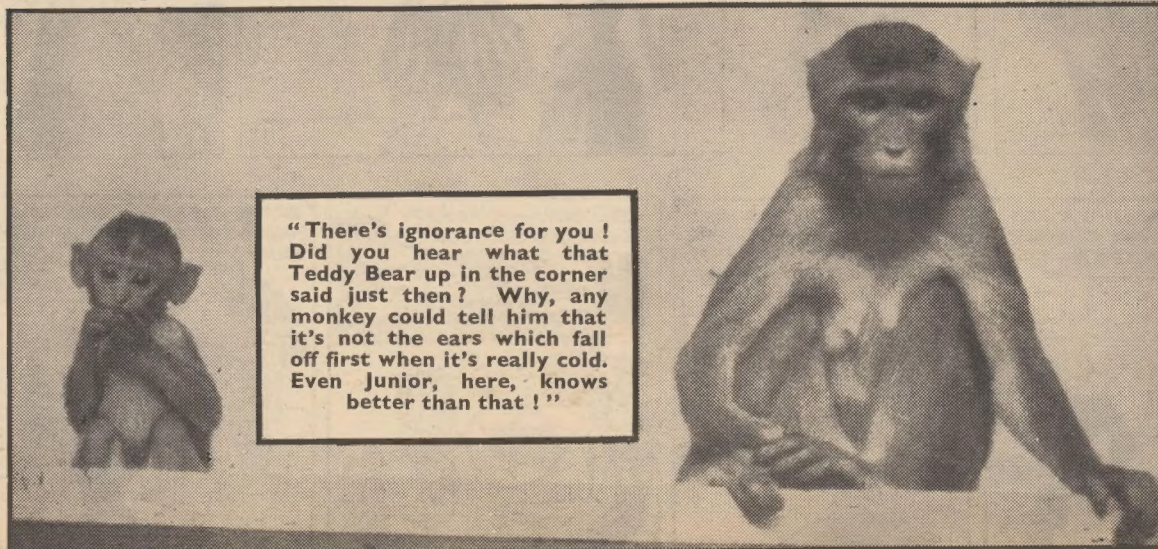
"I'm still searching for that old woman of mine. Calls herself the Ship's Cat, they tell me. She'll get a wise crack when I meet up with her!"

"Brr! If you ask me, it's cold enough to freeze the ears off a brass monkey, eh, Toots?"

"Nonsense, Bear! I've found there's nothing like a crisp morning for putting a spot of colour in one's cheeks."



★
SO THIS IS LONDON. When the pigeons held a party in Trafalgar Square, this elderly lion by Landseer suffered the indignity of several direct hits by the feathered dive-bombers.
★



"There's ignorance for you! Did you hear what that Teddy Bear up in the corner said just then? Why, any monkey could tell him that it's not the ears which fall off first when it's really cold. Even Junior, here, knows better than that!"

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"What a subject to squabble over."

